His weary joynts would gladly riſe, I know,
Our knees ſhall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integrity:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let him have
That mercy which true prayers ovght to have.

Bul. Good Aunt ſtand up.

Dut. Nay, doe not ſay ſtand up.
But pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand up.
And if I were thy Nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's ſo meet.

Yor. Speake it in French, (King) ſay, *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dut. Doſt thou teach pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelfe, againſt the word.
Speake pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we doe not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there;
Or in thy pittious heart, plant thou thine eare.
That hearing how your plaints and prayers doe pearce,
Pitty may move thee, pardon to rehearſe.

Bul. Good Aunt ſtand up.

Dut. I doe not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Bul. I pardon him as heaven ſhall pardon me,

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſicke for feare, ſpeake it againe,
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my heart.

Dut. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our truſty brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dogge them at the heeles.

Good

Good Vncle helpe to order ſeverall powers
To Oxford, or where ere theſe traytors are:
They ſhall not live within this world I ſweare,
But I will have them if I once knew where.
Vncle farewell, and Coſin too adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dut. Come my old ſon, I pray heaven make thee ne

Enter Exton, and Servant. *Ex*

Ex. Didſt thou not marke the King what words he ſpa
Have I no friend will rid me of this living feare:
Was it not ſo?

Ser. Thoſe were his words.

Ex. Have I no friend (quoth he) he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together did he not?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And ſpeaking it he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wer't the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe,
I am the King's friend, and will rid his Foe. *Ex*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have beene ſtudying how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, unto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature, but my ſelfe,
I cannot doe it: yet ile hammer't out.
My braine, ile proue the female to my Soule
My ſoule, the Father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts, people this little world
In humors like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,